THE FOOLISH LOVER.

Yes! He's in love! He sighs! There's a far look in his eyes, And something like a smile Tries all the while To play around his lips! He seems As one who dreams! He dips

Down into deep, translucent streams, And drinks, and in his glad intoxication leaves

Remembrance of stern duty, and perceives None of the mocking looks, and hears And in a hundred foolish ways

Displays His rounded fitness for an ass' ears! I hear him hum a verse of some old song.

I see him pass
The glass
And beam upon his own reflection there!
The day is long
That keeps him where
Men talk of profit and of loss!
I see him stand and stare
Across

Across
The street, unmindful of the busy throng His work unheeded lie

And trims his nails and whistles and forgets
To try
For prizes that he longed but yesterday To win, somehow, From those whose little jests are thrown

Upon him now! Yes! He's in love! He stares Dumb to the world's affairs, And fast in Fancy's glad embrace! And they that toll around him smile

And, when he sighs, Roll up their eyes In playful mockery,

And he,
Meanwhile,
Dreams on, poor fool, as only lovers may,
And has his visions of an angel's face—
Fair visions that, alas! Will pass, Ere long, away-

But oh that I were in his place!

S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

******** A Bohemian Concert

By Harriet Stark.

There is a glamour and fascination con-nected with the Bohemian life of the art-ists and writers of the large cities that ap-peals strongly to the young people of the country, and takes many of them from comfortable homes to homes far less comfortable in the city. Stories picturing this life are always read with interest, and if Harriet Stark's story, "The Bacillus of Beauty," published by Frederick A. Stokes company, New York, contained nothing more than a description of this life it would be well worth reading. But it contains more for it is a novel tale of romance and tinkled an air that I have often heard science, a tale that is both original and at-tractive. The heroine is a country girl leading a Bohemian life in New York city, and upon whom a college professor is ex-perimenting, and who makes of her the most beautiful woman in the world, but at a terrible cost. The following extract from the book gives a glimpse into that Bo-

ty's big Angora cat presided; Kitty into stronger life, her beauty seemed herself, her red curls in disorder, to grow fuller and to have an oriental whimsical, shrewd, dipping from jest softness and warmth; the next, the Possibilities of Congenial Companto earnest, teased Helen and waited on light would die away, and in the coolher, wholly affectionate and, I guessed, er, grayer, fainter radiance, her per

half afraid of an open fire-for it seemed to be one life, more beautiful than the daughters function of the tall, pink-petticoated of men, her great loveliness delicately lamp to make much darkness visible; spiritualized. and Nelly was almost like the Nelly I had known, with her eager talk of learn to

home folks and familiar scenes. She asked about my mother's illness and death that had held me so long in the west, and her great eyes grew dim and soft with tears, and she looked at me like a goddess grieving; until. sweet as was her sympathy, I forced myself to speak of other topics. And then we grew merry again, talking of colleget mates and the days when I first knew her, when I was a sophomore teaching in Hannibal and she was my best scholar-only 12 years old, but she

spelled down all the big, husky boys. "I didn't know what I was doing, did I," I said, "when your father used to say: 'Bright gal, ain't she? I never s the beat of Helen Lizy;' and I wo tell him you ought to go to the St university?"

"Think of it!" cried Helen. "If hadn't gone to college, I shouldn't have come to New York, and, oh, if-but h how you must have worked, teaching and doubling college and law school! Why, you were already through two years of law when I entered, only three, vears later." "Well, it's been easy enough since,

even with tutoring and shorthanding; six lawyers to every case-" "Wasn't tutoring Helen your main

occupation?" asked Kitty Reid, audaciously. "I have somehow inferred that-" But there was a sound of hurrying

feet on the stairs, and she sprang to the door, erying: "Cadge and Pros.! They said the

were coming." On the threshold appeared a lar girl with shining black hair and quick

keen, good-humored eyes. "Howdy?" she asked with brisk cordiality; "angel children, hope I see ye

In her wake was a tall, quiet-looki young man with a reddish-brow

"Salute; salaam," he said; "all rene, Kitty? And you, Miss Winship Then as the two became accusto to the light, I saw what I had nerv ly expected. There was a little s

an odd moment of embarrassm They gazed at Helen with quick w der at her loveliness, then turned ay to hide their surprise. It was as if in the few days they had seen her-for the new co were Kitty's brother and Miss

ant of whom every one speaks "Cadge"-Helen's beauty had so b somed that at fresh sight of her t struggled with incredulous ama ment almost as a stranger might ha

Talking rapidly to mask embar ment, they joined us round the Reid dropped a slouch hat and coat that seemed all pockets with papers, while Miss Br.

Kitty began a rapid fire of talk about "copy," "cuts," "the black," "the

color" and other mysteries. "Wish you could have got me a proof of the animal page," said Kitty, finally; "if they hurry the etching again, be-

fore my poor dear little bears have been half an hour on the presses, they'll fill with ink and print gray. I'il -I'il leave money in my will to prosecute photo-engravers.' "Oh, don't fret," said Miss Bryant. 'Magazine'll look well this week. Big

Tom's the greatest Sunday editor that ever happened; and I've got in some good stuff, too.'

"Of course your obligato'll be all ment, like the editor before last, to sketch a one-column earthquake curdling a cup of cream."

"How could anybody do that?" cried

Helen. "Just what the artist said."

Miss Bryant looked slightly older than Helen; in spite of her brusque, was a girl of some knowledge, vast energy and strength of will. And suspicion grew to certainty that she and Reid were lovers.

I might have read it in his tone when her to sing.

"Then give me a baton," she re-

sponded, springing to her feet. Rolling up a newspaper and seizing table, she beat time with both hands launching suddenly into an air which there is just as good medical authority she rendered with dramatic expression as rare as her abandon.

"Applaud! Applaud!" she cried, a brilliant passage, her colorless, ir- miles and a half! Think of it! Two regular face alive with enthusiasm, her miles and a half! If you object to that, black eyes snapping. "If you don't ap- too, I have the very best authority for plaud, how do you expect me to sing? Vos plaudite!"

"I'll applaud when you've surely princess. Helen, you know you promsed."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Helen, coloring at the title, "I can't sing before Cadge; but if you like, I'll play for you. See if I'm not improving in my tremolo."

fusal. Taking her mandolin, she person works in an icehouse or rides her play, but neither I nor anyone else person in a year's time there oozes had ears for it, so absorbed was the sense of sight.

vivid coloring subdued by the soft, -oh, well, you cipher it out for yourplaying glow to an elusive charm. At I stayed for supper, over which Kit- one moment, as the flames flickered fect grace of classic outline made her The little den was cozy by the light seem a statue-Galatea just coming to

eautiful woman, I'd If I wer ndolin. begged Kitty in

whi

began tremulously. and slowly gained the ballad she had was easy to see that usician; but, as she aers, we forgot every-

out down the compasses she had been restlessly her keen eyes softened tty dropped on the feet; the hush in the aleas. Reid sat in the tatue; I clenched my lence.

as simple as the air clear, so sweet, so en's own lovelinessarest notes that had man ears—unless the e history. died, the fire leaped

s in dusk and silence. face against Helen's as pounding until in unded like an anvil now whether I was aiserable. I would at voice again. It

and a sniffing that named, Miss Bryant ords to veil our emo

tlemen," she quavigh-class concert; for tickets, please cnow how to sing Come. Pros."-the her cheeks; "I've in the morning.' id Reid, his long, ngers trembling something."

inly and half sang, eya! Heeya! Hullah!

hunders aft along the and men? You must sowlegs, pack your kit

ing's right; nothing here? Now then, m with you. Good

Counterfelts. individual, who narecution awhile agb rare eggs and sellmens to museums ors, has recently quisitely lifelike which in reality help of stuffed ally attitudinized Evening Post. Atchison Globe.

OUR SWEAT SYSTEM.

Anywherefrom Two to Twenty-Eight Miles of Sweat Glands on the Human Body.

It may be interesting to know that one perspires more on the right side of the body than on the left, and that the skin of the palm of the hand excretes four and a half times as much ridges of the palm number as many as 3,000 to the square inch. They are only 400 to the square inch. These right," Kitty sighed; "but-oh, those pores are not simple holes or perforaetchers and- Yes, Big Tom'll do; 1 tions in the hide, as some imagine, but never see him fretting the art depart- are little pockets lined with the same epithelium or pavement stuff that covers the exterior of the body. They run straight down into the deepest structure of the skin, and there they kink up and coil around till they look like a fishing line that has been thrown down wet. Inclosed in this knot are little veins that leak the perspiration careless sentences, I suspected that she through the walls of the tube, and it wells up to the surface of the skin. It is estimated that the average-sized man has 7,000,000 of these sweat glands, aggregating 28 miles of tubing. Think of it! Twenty-eight miles if all those tiny in the course of the evening he asked tubes could be straightened out and put end to end! These figures, wonderful though they may seem, are on the very best medical authority. They are the figures of men who have given bit of charcoal from the drawing their lives to the study of this subject. But still, if they seem too large to you, for the statement that there are 2,400, 000 sweat glands on the human body. each one-fifteenth of an inch long, and clapping her own hands at the end of that their aggregate length is two the statement that they are one-quarter of an inch long and aggregate more than nine miles, or I can figure it for stopped," said Kitty Reid, demurely; you at seven miles or 12 miles. Take "but before we begin an evening of your pick. Our motto is: "We aim grand opera, I want you to hear the to please." If one figure suits you more than another, it's yours. We can substantiate it by the very best medical authority, says Harvey Sutherland, in

Ainslee's. I find only one figure, however, for the amount of liquid secreted by the skin of an average person in a year, though it is evident that the quantity must vary greatly according as the a bicycle up-hill. From the average through the pores of the skin 1,500 pounds of water. Let us see: "A pint's Her long lashes swept her cheeks as a pound the world around," two pints she bent forward in the firelight, her make one quart, four quarts one gallon

CHANCE FRIENDS.

ionship in Persons We Do

It makes one homesick in this world to think that there are so many rare people he can never know; and so many excellent people that scarcely anyone will know, in fact, says Backlog Studles, by Charles Dudley Warner. One discovers a friend by chance, and cannot but feel regret that 20 or 30 years of life, maybe, have been spent without the least knowledge of him. When he is once known, through him opening is made into another little world, into a circle of culture and loving hearts and enthusiasm in a dozen congenial pursuits, and prejudices, perhaps. How instantly and easily the bachelor doubles his world when he marries, and enters into unknown fellowship of the to him continually increasing company, which is known in popular language as "all his wife's relations." Near at hand, daily, no doubt, are those worth knowing intimately, if one had the time and the opportunity. And when one travels he sees what a vast material there is for society and friendship, of which he can never avail himself. Carload after carload of summer travel goes by one at any railway station, out of which he is sure he could choose a score of life-long friends, if the conductor would introduce him. There are faces of refinement, of quick wit, of sympathetic kindness-interestng people, traveled people, entertain ing people, as you would say in Boston, 'nice people you would admire to know," whom you constantly meet and pass without a sign of recognition, many of whom are no doubt your longlost brothers and sisters. You can see that they also have their worlds and their interests, and they probably know a great many "nice" people. The matter of personal liking and attachment is a good deal due to the mere fortune of association. More fast friendships and pleasant acquaintanceships are formed on the Atlantic steamships, between those who would have been only indifferent acquaintances elsewhere, than one would think possible or a voyage which naturally makes one as selfish as he is indifferent to his personal appearance. Potash Soap for Eye Glasses.

Constant wearers of eye-glasses. spectacles, etc., are much annoyed by he dimming of the glasses upon enering a warm room from a cooler place. It will greatly interest them to know that this evil can be obviated by rubbing the glasses with soft every morning or before going out a little so-called green soap (washing is bright again. The preparations, "Gasolin" and "Oculustra," offered for the same purpose at high prices, are nothing else than pure potash soap .--

Die Werkstatt. After Its Father, When a mother admits a fault in one | Friend-Why, man, I should think is it "takes some after its father"-

TAGGED FISHES IN THE SEA.

some Things the Government Has Learned from Fishes That Were Marked and Came Back.

It seems rather an odd idea to fasten metal tags to marine fishes and then let them loose in the ocean with the idea of identifying them as individuals in case they happen to be caught proportionately to the surface as the at a future time; but this is what skin of the back. The pores in the the United States fish commission is doing just now with cod, 1,500 of which have been duly tagged and rescarcest on the back, where there are leased this year, says the Washington Times. No two tags are alike, the markings on them being stamped in a wanter be."—Philadelphia Record. series of letters and numbers, record of which is kept in e book in such a manner that if a tagged codfish turns up a moment's reference to the memoranda will furnish the history of that particular specimen, with date of liberation, weight, and so forth. For example, a cod wearing a tag with the raised inscription "S 100" has a complete identification card, so that she cannot be mixed up with any other fish entered in the commission's ledger. Only "brood fish"-that is, spawn

ing females-are tagged. They are bought from fishermen, stripped of their eggs at Wood's Holl, Mass., and liberated in the waters of Vineyard sound, after having the tags attached to them. The tag is a small piece of copper, securely fastened by a wire passed through a fin near its junction with the body. It does not matter which fin is chosen, though a back or tail fin is best. The tag is very light, and its attachment in the manner described does no harm whatever to the animal. During the last few months the fish commission has distributed a circular all along the coast New England requesting that whenever a cod with a tag comes into the hands of a fisherman or other person he shall remove the piece of metal and send it to the commission station at Wood's Holl, together with a brief statement as to the date on which the fish was caught, where it was captured, its weight before dressed, its length and the condition

of its roe. The object of the tagging is to ascertain the rate at which a cod grows, the frequency of its spawning and the extent of its travels in the ocean. Knowledge of this kind has an obvious bearing upon fish cultural problems, and there is every reason to believe that the future of the cod fishery off the New England coast must depend mainly upon artificial hatching. The hatching of cod eggs and the planting of the fry in those waters has been

250,000,000 codfish. This year the fish commission is going to bag many thousand of young rivers of the Pacific coast. Very small "fingerlings," about three inches long, It is expected that in this way it will be ascertained the age at which the salmon come from the sea to spawn; also their rate of growth and the percentage of the fry that attain maturity. The work will be carried on in the basins of the Columbia and Sacramento.

Some years ago a similar experiment was made at the fish commission station on the Clackamas river, which is tributary to the Columbia; but, instead of tagging the young fishes, the soft dorsal fins were shaved off them with a razor before they were released. When they came back to spawn, three years later, they averaged 20 pounds in weight. From this experiment one or two

very interesting conclusions were drawn. If all of the artificially hatched fry had survived and been captured it is obvious that 1,000 of them would have contributed 20,000 pounds of food fish for market. As a matter of fact, only one out of ten of them returned and was taken, the result being 2,000 pounds of fish

for every 1,000 young ones liberated. Finger nalls and toe nails, being merely flattened growths of the same kind of cells that the hairs are made of, increase in about the same way, though their rate of progress has not been so carefully studied. Some say that the finger nails grow at the rate of one-thirtieth of an inch a week. Bean estimates that it takes 20 weeks to restore a thumb nail, and 96 weeks to restore a toe nail. I don't believe that. Once when I was about 16, and had less sense than most boys of that age, I bought a pair of boots too short for me. I wore them, though they hurt me like sixty, and the first thing I knew the nails of my great toes came off. Well, I know that it didn't take any 96 weeks to make them good as new. Why, 96 weeks is two years, lacking not quite two months. Don't tell me .- Harvey Sutherland, in Aine-

The Double Letter.

The doubled letter is scarcely of use in any language. Sometimes we are purely inconsistent. Letter must have soap. All that is necessary is to rub | two t's, literal one. The double letter very seldom affects the pronunciation. Would it not be well to drop soap, potash soap) over the whole sur- the double letter altogether? It would face of the glass, polishing it until it simplify spelling and save time, too .-Notes and Queries.

Just Think.

Arctic Explorer-An arctic night, lasting as it does 141 days, is no joke, I can tell you. I should not care to go through it again!

of her children she is reminded that splendid. Fancy saying to a creditor: "Please call again to-morrow morning."-N. Y. World.

HUMOROUS.

If you are wise you will never hit a man after he has got you down .- Chicago Daily News.

Kitchen Necessities .- "Cook, do we need any necessities for the kitchen? 'Yes'm; I'd like a Roman chair, one of them Venishun lanterns, an' some more pillers fer th' cozy corner."-Indianapolis Journal. "Oh! my! shame upon you," cried

the old gentleman; "do you know what becomes of little boys who swear?" "Yep," replied the little boy, "they grow up an' git ter be drivers of fire ingynes, an' dat's w'at I Ethel-"Oh, Emily, I had such dreadful accident the other day. I broke two of my front teeth." Emily

-"How painful. How did it happen?" Ethel (thoughtlessly)-"They fell off the sideboard, and I accidentally trod on them."-Pick-Me-Up. Mrs. Wiggles-"Did you have a good time at the Watsons, playing whist, last evening?" Mrs. Waggles-"We

had a perfectly lovely time!" Mrs. Wiggles-"Which beat?" Mrs. Waggles-"Well, we didn't either of us beat. The fact is, we spent the whole evening talking about our children."-Somerville Journal. A Blessing-"I don't think these here free government seeds is much." said the gentleman with the horny hands and straggling beard. "You of putting our associates at their ease. don't?" retorted the gentleman of

here, I raised so many different kinds | the room, and nowhere is there so much of new weeds from the last batch of opportunity for displaying good mangovernment seeds that enough col- ners as in conversation. Well-manege professors come to the place to nered people do not talk too much study 'em last summer to pay fer a new barn."-Indianapolis Press. A lady, who was unfamiliar with the streets of New York, was much confused by the jargon used by a car conductor. When she thought she must have arrived near her destination, the conductor poked his head into the car and said: "Umpty bazazas!" "What street did you say?" demanded the

passenger. "Ufty-umpth!" said the conductor. Much annoyed, the lady from the suburbs went out on the platform and rebuked the conductor for his careless use of the vocal or-He only glared at her and gans. said: "What do you expect for three dollars a week? A tenor solo?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

A NEW KING'S PLIGHT.

The Son of Garibaldi Says Victor Emmanuel III. Is in a Peculiar Position.

Ricciotti Garibaldi, who fought at or several years, and al- the side of his father, the great Gen. ready the fishery shows a notable im- Garibaldi, in the struggle for the libprovement, apparently due to this eration of Italy and in the Francowork. During the present year, the German war, publishes an article in work coming to an end April 1, there | the North American Review, in which were planted in New England waters he explains the relative positions and aims of the monarchical and republican parties in Italy. The situation of the monarchy in Italy, according to Sig. salmon, artificially hatched for the Garibaldi's statement, must be a perplexing one, for the king cannot make tags will be used, the fishes being friends of his enemies without making enemies of his friends. He says:

> "If Victor Emmanuel III, remembers that, if he wears the iron crown, it is mainly owing to the popular elements -for history has revealed that the Piedmontese school of diplomats, with Cavour at their head, looked upon the struggle for the liberation and unity of Italy, rather as a means of aggrandizing the Piedmontese monarchy than as a realization of a high ideal, the reconstruction of a great nationality, of which, in fact, they were rather afraid -and if he exercises the strength of will be is said to possess to free his crown from the state of bondage in which it was under Humbert, and make it take its true position of mediator between the different political schools, using his influence and royal prerogatives in favor of those classes that most need comfort and guidance, the monarchy in Italy may yet have a long lease of life, for patriotism is a strong quality in the Italian heart, and he would find sincere, if unexpected, support from sources now hostile Lim and his crown. But, naturally, his bitterest enemies will then be those who have hitherto used the crown as an instrument to further their own ends, and who, looking upon his childless condition as a danger to the monarchy, do not hide the possibility of his being replaced by some other member of his family. And it would be a curious thing if the anti-monarchists should one day be obliged to defend the crown, acting on the principal that 'a devil

Interrupted the Game.

don't know."

"Jist wait till me an' Hi finishes this game of checkers," called out Silas Cornhill, proprietor of the Lonesomeville grocery, to the woman who had entered.

you know is always better than one you

"But I'm in a hurry," said the woman. "I want one of 'em red an' white checked tablecloths." "Guess that'll break up the game

then, Hi," said Silas, as he pushed the checkers aside and gathered up the tablecloth on which they had been playing. "You see," he continued, turning to

the woman, "I lost my checkerboard the other day, an' Hi an' me 'lowed this tablecloth 'ud do fairly well for a substitute. Made it a leetle dirty, mebbe, but it'll all come out in the warsh. Only one in the store. Sixty-three cents. Wrap 'er up?"-Indianapolis Sun.

Three Mottoes. The Spanish Motto-Never do to day what you can put off till to-mor-

The English Motto-Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-

The American Motto-Never put off till this afternoon what you can do this morning.-Puck.

WELL-MANNERED PEOPLE. They Are Welcome Wherever They Go and Add Much to the Real

Enjoyment of Life.

Good manners are more important at home than elsewhere. As they cannot be put off and assumed, as a garment, we are able to form our opinion of a person's home manners by his manners "company manners", are as easily distinguishable as the counterfeit coin from the pure gold. A beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts. How well it is that no one class has a monopoly of this "finest of fine While favorable circumstances arts." no doubt render good manners more common among persons moving in the higher spheres of society, there should, nevertheless, be no positive hindrance to the poorest classes practicing good manners toward each other. For what are good manners? They are the art Whoever makes the most people comsimilar characteristics; "w'y, look fortable is the best-mannered person in They are careful to bear in mind the meaning of the first syllable of the word conversation, con (with), that it means talking with another; they ab stain from lecturing, and they are as ready to listen as to be heard. They are neither impatient to interrupt others nor uneasy when interrupted themselves. Knowing that their anecdotes or sharp replies will keep, or need not find utterance at all, they give full attention to their companion, and do not by their looks show that they consider him a bore. Another rule observed by every good-mannered person, besides that he should not be impatient to get in his word, is that a few brilliant flashes of silence should occur in conversa tion. Another rule is not to select one' self to talk about. It must be borne in mind that as a rule we and our concern are of no more importance to others than they and their concerns are to us Why, then, should we go over the annals of our lives generally, and our dishardships we have suffered in money step into the shoes of the ancient matters, in love, or our domestic Hohenlohe. troubles, or why should we boast of our success? It is unnecessary to state

better not speak at all."-S. S. Times. CONDUCTS BIG RANCH.

patible with good manners. "The ce-

Enterprising Young Woman Is Making a Large Fortune in Cattle All by Herself.

Nadine Parmer, better known in western Texas and Mexico as Miss Million, is rapidly acquiring a large fortune. Only a few years ago this remarkable young woman was teaching music in a small village in central Ohio. She was an orphan, with limited advantages and opportunities.



MISS NADINE PARMER. Miss Is Making a Fortune All Herself in Cattle Raising.)

Now she owns a big cattle ranch and

runs it herself. Miss Parmer was adopted by a rich ranch owner, who was killed by being thrown from a bronco. The ranch was offered for sale, and she bought it, including 700 head of cows, with money given her by her benefactor during the five years she was with

In the course of the next four years her herds increased until it was difficult for her to find pasturage in Texas, and she was forced to send agents to old Mexico to rent and buy grazing lands. In order to befriend her former pupils, who were deep in distress, she bought the famous Broad Ax brand and the ranch.

Chance of a Lifetime. "You bust excuse be this evedig,

Biss Billigad," said Mr. Addlethwaite. "if by speech is a liddle thick, for I have a terrible cold id by head." "I see you have," Miss Milligan replied, "and that reminds me that you ought by all means to call on Sue Dal-

lington while you are in your present condition." "Why so, Biss Billigad?" "She told me, the other day, that she

was sure you had nothing in your head. Now you can prove that sie made a mistake."-Tit-Bits.

COUNTESS VON BULOW.

Charming Woman and One of the Most Talented Musicians in the German Empire.

One of the most fascinating and talented women in Germany is Countess Bulow, wife of the new chancellor of he empire. Not only does she possess great beauty, but she is noted as one of the most talented musicians in Germany. She is no longer youthful, for she has a daughter of 32, Countess Eugenia Doenhoff, and a son who is captain of horse in the imperial army. It is not given out how many years Countess Bulow has to her credit; that is left to conjecture, but she still retains the graces of youth. No wrinkles furrow her brow and her figure in society. As a rule what are called is lithe and erect, while her manner is as vivacious as that of a woman of 30. She rides, drives, plays and hunts with all the enthusiasm of a young woman just arrived at maturity. and yet 25 years ago she stood for one of the figures in Makart's great canvas: "Charles V.'s Entry in Antwerp." It is admitted that she is on the shady side of 50. According to the fashion of her own country, the second lady in the empire retains her maiden name of Princess di Camporeale-a great title that she can well afford to support out of the revenues of her marquisate of Altaville, Sicily. She became marchioness when scarcely five years old, upon the death of her father. The income is nearly 1,000,000



COUNTESS VON BULOW. (Wife of the New Chancellor of the Ger-

man Empire.) francs per year, and it is said that cases in particular, to comparative she hoarded up the greater part of strangers? Why should we review the it while her husband was waiting to

This winter her grace promises to show Berlin what a rich and clever that gossip or scandal-bearing is incom- woman can do in the position she holds. Under Bulow's predecessor the casions of silence," says Bishop Potter, grand old palace on Wilhelm strasse "are obvious; mainly, when we have had ceased to be a resort of fashion nothing to say, or nothing but what is better unsaid. If we must speak of our plebelan and parsimonious, Caprivi fellow-beings let it be of good, and if we happened to be a bachelor with the have naught but bad to say of them, taste of a sublicutenant, old Princess Hohenlohe entertained in her own casiles and country seats, but never in a shop-keeping city, as she used to put it, and after her death the chancellor's stateroom was opened only on very rare occasions for a mixed crowd of parliamentarians and other political pot boilers with scarcely a sprinkling

of persons that belonged to high life. It will be all so different now. Count Bulow has twice the salary and perhaps five times the private income that Prince Bismarck enjoyed; he is a youth compared with Hohenlohe, and his wife as much of a grand dame as the late princess, and as his conception of office holding is to do the imperial master's will without questioning and without offering either advice or opinion, he never worries, never poses and

so has plenty of time for society. Invitations for several receptions and state dinners and to two big balls to come off before Christmas are out. Liszt used to call the princess his

favorite pupil and the finest amateur pianist in Europe. Her grace's musicroom is a museum filled with charming reminiscences of the gypsy abbe. 'Look," she said, pointing to a large crayon, "this represents a scene from our concert at the Palais Auersberg in Vienna, 1885. I had then for the first time consented to play in public. Of course, only the cream of the aristocracy was admitted and they paid fabulous prices for the privilege. We made, I believe, some 25,000 florins for the benefit of the poor that evening.

The artist has depicted Liszt and the princess at the piano. Liszt seems to be thoroughly pleased with his partner, for his mighty head with the long silvery mane is proudly thrown back and his eyes are afire with the pleasure art gave him. It's easy to believe that his pupil was then the reigning beauty of Vienna, home of fine women. But no, she wasn't "beautiful," or at least not exactly beautiful-we have the great Makart's word for that. "Marie Anna is fascinating," he wrote; to call her beautiful would be too much and yet not enough. The man who called her pretty I would thrash." At the age of 17 the present countess married Count Doenhoff, a diplomat of some note. At Dresden the princess first met her present husband, then a simple baron, attached to Count Doenhoff's staff. Domestic unhappiness followed and she took up her residence at the Italian embassy in Vienna, over which her stepfather then presided. It was but a short time afterward that her husband died and she married Count Bulow, who had by that time attained considerable distinction as a diplomat. His rise was rapid, and now he stands at the right hand of the emperor, while his beautiful wife is the

first lady of the land. During the year ending June 30 last, Jasper county, Missouri, produced zing and lead worth \$5,339,629.